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The Pageant of Schenectady

*In Celebration of the
Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary
of the Founding of Schenectady*

Given in Union College Grounds
May 30th and 31st and June 1st

1912

Pageant Director
Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Director of Dances
Gertrude K. Colby

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Old Indian Trail, Union College Grounds.

Photo by White

PART I.—TRADITIONAL LIFE.

EPISODE I.—The Passing of Hiawatha.*

The pageant field in Union College grounds has for background on the right a tangle of woods suggesting a primeval forest, and on the left woods that are more open. In the left background there is a miniature ravine through which a brook runs, and in the right background there is an old Indian trail used by the Indians since time immemorial.

The opening scene of the Pageant shows an Indian encampment. There is a wigwam in the far background. Another in extreme left foreground. Another in the right foreground. A rude loom in the right foreground. Back toward stage centre a small fire. The smoke ascends in a blue haze. By the wigwam in the background, stones for corn-grinding.

The Pageant opens with the entrance of Mishka, the medicine-man, and Kikokewis, an old flute player, who are deep in thought. Two squaws enter; one begins to grind corn, another hangs a papoose up in a tree. Children enter and play. Indian maidens enter; some of them have baskets for weaving, but they pay more attention to chattering together than to their work. Presently comes Maskato, an Indian woman of middle

*"Hiawatha was a Chief of the Onondagas who succeeded in bringing about a league or union of the Five, afterwards Six, Nations..... Mr. Schoolcraft transferred the hero to a distant region, identifying him with a divinity of the Ojibways. It is to this [Mr. Schoolcraft's] collection that we owe the poem of Longfellow." Mr. Horatio Hale in the Proceedings of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science.

years and of great importance in the camp. On her back is a bundle of fagots. She looks keenly at the idle maidens.

Maskato.

Star-of-Springtime, take the fagots.
In my youth I was not idle,
Did not spend my time in gazing
Upward at the pine tree branches.

Star-of-Springtime.

Maskato is ever scolding
Like an arrow-head her tongue is.

Maskato.

Children who disturb their elders
Will be turned to little rabbits,
And the warriors will hunt them.
Think of this, oh Skibojewis,
And you, too, O Waskalaska!

An Indian Maiden.

Where is Bright Flower?

Another Indian Maiden.

She is coming;
In the brook she saw her likeness,
Paused to watch it, and admire it.

Bright Flower.

If I told tales on my neighbors
I might say much, Minnewaska.

Star-of-Springtime.

Here comes Winego, the hunter,
He has spent the moon of leafage
In the hills beyond the river.

[*Winego enters by Indian trail, and tosses down a pack of skins from his shoulders.*]

Maskato.

It is long since we have seen you;
Greetings, friend.

Winego.

And to you also!
All the Month of Leaves I hunted
In the hills beyond the river,
Furs and feathers I was seeking,
Feathers for the Arrow-maker,
Skins to keep us warm in winter.
And for one who maketh medicine
Bear claws for a magic necklace.
It is good to see our wigwams,
Good to see the smoke ascending,
Pleasant is this place, Schonowe!
Pleasant here Beyond the Pine Plains,
Open Door for the Five Nations.
[*Looks about*]
But I find the camp deserted!

Maskato.

The young braves have gone to forage.

Winego.

Tell me, where is Hiawatha?

Maskato.

He has gone into the forest
There to fast and to petition
The Great Spirit for his people.
Later, when the hour is ready,
He will summon to these wigwams

The great Chiefs of the Five Nations;
 He will call a camp-fire council
 And the chiefs will smoke the peace-pipe.

On a hill-top far and lonely
 Hiawatha keeps his vigil,
 While below him in the valley
 Waits Ocheera, the swift runner.
 At a sign from Hiawatha
 Will Ocheera come to tell us
 That the council fire be lighted.

Winego.

Wisely Hiawatha rules us,
 He, the Son of the Great Spirit.

Maskato.

All this green month of new leafage
 He has been apart and silent;
 And toward evening, by his wigwam,
 He has sat with face uplifted
 Looking toward the Land of Sunset.
 Sat as one who hears strange voices
 Calling, calling, through the twilight.
 And my heart grows very heavy.

[*Resumes work*]

No, I will not think upon it;
 There may be no cause for sorrow;
 I will give my thoughts to labor.
 In the meantime Indian maidens
 Need not let their hands be idle.

[*Exit Maskato*]

Star-of-Springtime.

She has gone! Oh, in my pulses
 I can feel the pulse of Spring-time!



Mr. Glen Smith as Hiawatha

Photo by White

Let us dance, O Minnewaska,
To the flute of Kikokewis!

Minnewaska.

Plead with him, then, Star-of-Springtime,
Tell him that we love his music
Better than we love the south-wind.

Star-of-Springtime.

Play to us, O Kikokewis,
You alone who know the flute notes,
That can move our feet to dancing,
Play to us, O Kikokewis!
[*He plays, they dance.*]

Star-of-Springtime.

Play again, O Kikokewis.

Bright Flower.

Listen! Is it Hiawatha?

Minnewaska.

No, it is the Braves returning!
They are going on the war-path,
All their tomahawks are ready!
Let us stay and see the war-dance!

[*Indian maidens gather in the background. Braves enter from right.*]

Heron's Plume.

Play to us, O Kikokewis!
Mishka, dance for us the war-dance!

Mishka.

Why this war-talk?—we are peaceful.

Heron's Plume.

On the borders of our Nation

We have seen a tribe of strangers;
They are like to the Ojibways
And—

Mishka.

Peace! How great a tribe? Speak truly—
Great or little? Small or mighty?

Heron's Plumc.

But a small tribe may breed mischief.

Mishka.

What are we, the great Five Nations,
That the coming or the going
Of a small tribe should make interest?

Heron's Plumc.

We should be upon the war-path.

Kikokewis.

Mishka, hark! The Spring is on them;
In our youth the blood runs quickly.
Let them have their dance, O Mishka,

[*Mishka moves toward fire and begins a medicine dance,
Kikokewis tapping on the drum.*]

The Braves.

Medicine!—Ai yi! He makes it!

[*War dance. Braves dart off. A moment after they are gone
and before the camp has settled down again Ocheera is seen
running in.*]

Mishka.

Comes Ocheera, the swift runner.

Ocheera. [*Panting*]

Mishka, where are all the warriors?

Hiawatha bids me tell you
 That he calls the Braves to council,
 The great Chiefs of the Five Nations.
 Hiawatha's fast is ended.
 He will speak to us in council.

Mishka.

The young Braves are on the war-path,
 Turn them homeward, fleet Ocheera.

Ocheera.

I will speed me like an arrow!

Kikokewis.

Come the Chiefs of the Five Nations
 Come the Senecas and Mohawks,
 The Cayugas and Oneidas,
 And with them the Onondagas,
 Last of all comes—Hiawatha.

[*All falling back with gestures of respect and obeisance.*]
 Hiawatha, Hiawatha!

Hiawatha.

Greetings to you, O my people!
 Greetings, O you mighty chieftains!
 Let us smoke the pipe together,
 Let the council fire be kindled,
 Place on it the sticks of magic
 Where are all the youngest warriors?

Mishka

Fleet Ocheera runs to bring them.

Hiawatha.

Brothers, I have much to tell you,
 When I heard the Spirit call me.

[As he speaks, the young warriors return, Ocheera leading, and seat themselves in council.]

Many days I prayed and fasted
On a hill-top far and lonely,
Till the Spirit sent a message,
Sent this message, "Hiawatha,
Leave the land beyond the Pine Plains,
Leave the camp fire and the wigwam,
Turn into the Land of Sunset.
Bid farewell to the Five Nations,
For your time with them is ended."

The Women.

Hiawatha! Hiawatha!

Hiawatha.

But before I go, my brothers,
I have words to say in parting,

[The chieftains who are sitting in council rise as they are addressed and then take their places in council again.]

Seneca's Great Chieftan, harken,
Keep contentment in your wigwam,
See your tribes-folk do not wrangle,
Live in peace with one another,
Peace and plenty. I have spoken!

You, the Chief of the Cayugas,
Govern all your people wisely,
Be a light to the Five Nations,
Light is wisdom. I have said it.

You, the Chief of the Oneidas,
See your people live in honor,
Let their word be feared and trusted
By the Nations. I have said it.

You, the Chieftain of the Mohawks,
Teach your people that the war-drum
Is not better than the peace-pipe
Unless war is truly needed.
Grow and prosper. I have said it.

Chieftain of the Onondagas,
Keep alive your nation's valor,
Keep alive the old traditions,
As a fire before your wigwams.
Truth and justice—seek them always.
These remember. I have spoken.

[As Hiawatha has been speaking, appear mystic figures clothed in the hues of sunset. They weave a mysterious dance with gestures that call and beckon.]

Star-of-Springtime.

Who are these that steal upon us?
Who are these that wave and beckon?

Maskato.

'Tis the Spirits of the Sunset.
Come to summon Hiawatha.

First Spirit.

Hiawatha!

Hiawatha.

I am ready.

The Women.

Do not leave us, Hiawatha!

Hiawatha.

Fare you well, O much loved people,
As I pass, you will pass also
When the Sunset Spirits call you.

The Tribe.

Fare you well, O Hiawatha,
Never shall your tribe forget you.

The Women. [*Wailing softly*]

Hiawatha, Hiawatha!

[*Hiawatha follows the Spirits of the Sunset, and they disappear in the distance.*]

Chief of the Cayugas.

Come and pray to the Great Spirit.

Excunt Omnes.





Mr. Frank Smith as Arent Van Curler

Photo by White

PART II.—EARLY SETTLEMENT.

EPISODE 1.—The Coming of Arent Van Curler.

An Indian encampment one hundred years after the passing of Hiawatha. A group of Indian maidens run in and seat themselves in a semi-circle. Two old Indians seat themselves near the war-drum. An Indian maiden runs in, greeted with acclaim and hand clapping; she makes a sign to the man at the war-drum and begins a dance. "The Dance of the Autumn Leaves." Then Sawara, the Medicine-woman, enters. The Indian maidens offer her gifts which she acknowledges with a grave nod.

Enter Kaswi, an Indian brave.

Kaswi. Speak—in the tongue—of the Pale-Faces, Sawara, that I may also learn to speak it. [*Sawara looks straight before her.*] You who have lived near the houses of the Pale-Faces—and have the gift—of tongues—You who are the Medicine-women—and very wise—[*Pleading.*] As a favor, Sawara—In the winter Kaswi brought many beaver skins to the door of the wigwam of Sawara. As a favor for Sawara.

Sawara. A gift for a gift, Kaswi. You are ever-anxious to speak in the tongue of the Pale-Faces. It bodes ill for one nation to copy another nation. As for the tongue of the Pale-Faces, it will soon be the only tongue we shall hear. [*Bitterly.*] Our own tongue will be no more remembered than the song of the cricket when the summer is over.

Kaswi. You who have lived near the houses of the Pale-Faces—

Sawara. If I have lived near the houses of the Pale-Faces, it was not of my own choosing. I can tell you why you are anxious to learn their tongue, Kaswi. It is so you can do better

trading. [*Rising.*] A gift for a gift, Kaswi. My gift is given.
[*She crosses to wigwam.*]

Indian chiefs and braves come in.

Then enter on horse-back, Arent Van Curler, followed by Van Valsen, Jan Wemp and Van Slyck also on horse-back. Jan Wemp leads a pack-horse to whose saddle are fastened kegs of gun powder. The men tether their horses at left and come forward to center, Van Curler in the lead.

Van Curler. Greeting to the chiefs of the Mohawks.

Kennisgke. The Chiefs will come to give greeting to "their very good friend" Van Curler.

Big Chief. Van Curler smoke peace-pipe with Mohawks.

[*Chiefs assemble for council; women withdraw to back-ground.*]

Van Curler. Greetings to you, oh Chiefs, from Van Curler and from the Big Chief, Governor Peter Stuyvesant, with whose knowledge I have come to you. Not alone have I come to your council. With me are my friends, Jan Wemp, Van Slyck and the Miller, Van Valsen. They too, would speak with you, knowing you friends of the Pale-Faces.

Big Chief. The friends of Van Curler are welcome. There are none more wise than Van Curler.

Van Curler. There are none greater than the Sachems who are Chiefs of the tribes of the Bear. Their hatchets are as keen as the north-wind; and their eyes are as eagle's eyes. [*Offers Wampum.*] Will the Big Chief accept a gift from his friend Van Curler?

[*Chief accepts gift and gives a similar one in return.*]

Van Curler. We thank the chief for his gift.

Big Chief. Will the Corlear rest after his long journey? Let food be brought him and to his friends.

Van Curler. The women of the camp of the Mohawks are fair and gentle, and the warriors strong.

Big Chief. Umph! Will the Corlear smoke peace-pipe? Will his friends smoke also.

Second Chief. Let our White Brother speak his mind.

Van Curler. Friends, it is long since I first came to this new country to direct that portion of it belonging to Killean Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, my Uncle. It is twenty years since I first saw Shonowe. It was fair then; it is less fair now.

Big Chief. We listen.

Van Curler. But we men of Beverwick and Rensselaer grow weary of the place we dwell in. We speak to our brothers, the Sachems, freely, knowing them to be of our mind, knowing that they love justice and freedom.

Second Chief. The Corlear speaks truly.

Van Curler. We would found a settlement where all men could be free and equal, where the men would say, "We" and "Our" instead of "My" and "Mine."

Several of the Young Braves. Good counsel! The Sachems listen.

Van Curler. Furthermore we are not altogether free. There are those who rule our coming and going, the Great East India Company of which my brothers have already heard. We would lessen the weight of that yoke also. We speak to our brothers in confidence knowing they know us of old.

Big Chief. What the chieftains have heard with their ears will not go out by way of their tongues.

Van Curler. Therefore, my brothers, we have come to you for two reasons. One, because we know you and trust you, and because your land is fair; the other, because we know that game is scarce in your borders. The guns of the white men have killed it. The time will come when you will not dwell in Shonowe. If my brothers *must* sell, why not sell to their very good friends? [*Long silence.*] What say the chiefs of the Mohawks?

Big Chief. I make answer to the Corlear: Does a man sell his home? Does he quench his camp-fire for strangers?

All Braves. No! No!

Van Curler. You will not sell?

Braves. [*Loudly.*] No.

Big Chief. Brothers, shall we not keep our Castle, the home of the Great Five Nations?

Braves. [*With one accord.*] Yes.

Van Curler. Have I ever deceived you, my brothers, or spoken untruly?

Braves. Never, Corlear.

Van Curler. Or cheated you or made a bad bargain?

Second Chief. No. The Corlear is always honest.

Van Curler. Then listen to me now, for I am telling you the truth. If you do not deal with me the time is coming when you

must deal with others. There is wisdom in what I say, Sachems. We will give you a just price for your land, and we will build our farms on it. Do not be hasty in refusing, for it will be as I have said. Will my brothers talk with the tribe? There are new lands for them to the Westward.

[Van Curler and his friends hold a conference. The Indians do the same.]

Van Curler. *[To his followers.]* If the chiefs consent to sell their land there will be room for fifteen farms and for each man a pasture to the east of the village and a garden to the south of the village and we will call the place Schenectady and in our tongue it will mean "beautiful valley."*

Van Valsen. What are they doing?

Van Slyck. They are calling out a Medicine-woman to go before their Gods for them. It is a custom they have. They may decide by the magic sticks.

Van Valsen. I have heard of her before-time. They say she has the gift of tongues and once lived with white folks near our village. The Indians hold her in great honor. They say she can foretell the future.

Jan Wemp. It is necromancy! I will have none of it.

[Sawara is called forth to council. It is evident that she comes unwillingly.]

Big Chief. Speak Sawara. You who have dwelt near the houses of the Pale-Faces, you who have the gift of tongues. Shall this land be sold? What will come of it, Sawara? Prophecy. Speak in the tongue of the Pale-Faces.

* His own words.

Sawara. The land shall be sold, but for us no good will become of it. But the man who wishes to buy it is a good man. He will prosper.

Kaswi. But for us, Sawara.

Sawara. You have seen the graying ashes of the camp-fire. When the white man comes only the ashes will be left to us.

Big Chief. Speak in the tongue of the white man.

Sawara. [Bitterly.] What shall I speak when my heart is as twisted as a willow tree in the wind? Shall I make a Medicine when my Spirit is gone from me? [*Yet she takes the first few steps of the Medicine dance at the camp-fire. A brave throws on the fire a bundle of Magic Sticks. Blue and green flames are seen to rise and flicker.*]

Sawara. I sing the song of my people,
 I sing the grief of my people!
 You will sell the land to the white man,
 For what will be will be;
 There is no help for it.
 He comes with his guns and his powder—
 Our hunting grounds are deserted,
 There are few fish left in the streams—
 We must go or starve.
 We must sell the land to the Pale-Face.
 A hundred hundred years have our feet trodden the
 We shall tread it no more. trail.
 A hundred hundred years has the smoke gone up
 The years are over. from these wigwams—

You will sell the land to the Pale-Face—
 He will dwell where once was your dwelling.
 For a few years you will flourish,
 And then there will be no more strength in you than
 [there is in a wet bow-string.



Van Curler Completes the Purchase of Land from the Indians

Photo by White

Our faces are turned toward the Sunset,
 The shadows gather around us.
 What will be, will be—
 There is no help for it.
 I sing the grief of my people!
 I sing the song of my people.

The Mohawks are depressed.

Big Chief. This is woman-talk, Sawara.

Sawara. It may be a woman speaks truly.

Second Chief. She has the gift of tongues and can prophesy.
 What will be, will be. She has said it.

Big Chief. Corlear, it is hard to answer. If we sell to you, you will deal with us fairly. It is true that game is scarce and our hunters are long in finding it. It is true that there are new lands to the Westward. My brothers what must be, must be, let us sell to our very good friends. What say you?

All Indians. Let us sell.

Van Curler. Great Chief, I will deal with you fairly. For your lands we will give you four kegs of the gun powder which the Mohawks so greatly prize.

Big Chief. It is enough. We make our brothers welcome, we will move our wigwams Westward. We will quench our camp-fire.

Van Curler. Then let us sign the Charter.

[*A role of parchment, ink-stand and quill pen are brought. The settlers and leading chieftains sign the paper. The kegs of gun-powder are taken by the Indians. The wigwams are*

taken down; the squaws and maidens gathering their blankets, baskets and cooking utensils. Two of the young braves carry the wigwams between them. The squaws and maidens form the other burden bearers. The men march first, single file. The squaws and children following. Last of all marches Sawara looking straight before her. As the Indians go, the Spirits of the Sunset steal out from behind the trees and watch the departure of the Indians. It is evident that the never-ending march Westward has begun.]

Van Curler. Come. Let us choose a spot on which to build our farms.

EPISODE 2.—The Massacre.*

An Indian in full war-paint enters. Another Indian steals in after him, then another. They peer cautiously about them, and then hide behind some trees. Simon Veeder comes out of the woods in background with gun and gamebag. The Indians watch him furtively. Adam Vrooman enters, accompanied by the Miller, Van Valsen, carrying empty flour sacks.

Veeder. Greeting, friend!

Vrooman. What are you doing beyond the stockade, friend Veeder?

Veeder. [Indicating hunting paraphernalia.] What you see. And you?

* In reality this massacre took place on the night of February 8, 1690; but as the exigencies of an outdoor stage in summer make such a scene impossible, the episode will be played as a summer instead of a winter one.

Vrooman. I have been with our friend, Van Valsen, the miller, while he took a sack of flour (long over-due) to Rensselaer.

Van Valsen. [*Points to man on horseback, seen dimly through trees.*] Who goes there?

Veeder. Simon Schermerhorn, returning to the village after a forage.

Van Valsen. Hark! I thought I heard something stir in the thicket.

Veeder. Has the mill wheel set your nerves a-jangling, Valsen? It was but some rabbit in the underbrush, or a fox, or squirrel. We have nothing to fear. The Mohawks of this region are friendly to us. The Onondagas call us brother.

Valsen. That is true.

Veeder. Even the gates of the fort are left open these days, when Liesler and his men look to our safety.

Vrooman. They look to it from a long distance. Liesler dwells in New Amsterdam.

Valsen. [*Piously.*] But his power reaches out to us, true followers of his faith. Who would harm the Dutch Protestants dwelling in this peaceful valley where in winter our stockade is guarded by snowmen.

Veeder. Why all this talk of safety in a time of safety? Leave talk of safety for an hour more troublous. Even the Mohawks in league with the French are quiet. Here, in this valley, we rest at peace. Let us be turning homeward. [*Some women and children appear in background.*]

Vrooman. The women and children will be glad of your game, friend Veeder. Here come some of them to meet us. [*The settlers go home. Indians steal out from thicket, but again hide behind trees as a settler appears. They spring upon him and tomahawk him. An Indian runs forward with his scalp; his body is tossed in the underbrush. With a whoop, the Indians rush the stockade, beating war-drums and waving tomahawks. A fusilade of shots, cries. Another fusilade. Strong smell of burning. Smoke rises and red glow appears through trees. War-drums beating louder and louder. The sound of shooting still mingles with the Indians' savage cries. Enter Dirk Brant.*]

Brant. This way— come quickly! You may escape them. [*A woman in forest green cloak with a child in her arms rushes out of the woods, leading another child by the hand. An Indian steals silently after them. Dirk Brant fires and the Indian drops, wounded. Another Indian appears. Simultaneous shots, the Indian is wounded, crawls off towards underbrush. Dirk Brant has been wounded also. He reels.*]

Brant. Go quickly wife—you still have time!

Mrs. Brant. [*Passionately.*] Dirk, I cannot leave you wounded.

Brant. The children—quick—! Down that way!

Mrs. Brant. Hush. *An Indian appears, Dirk Brant lies as if dead. His wife crouches, her forest green cloak an aid in concealing her and the child that is with her. Indian looks about quickly; does not see her; goes off.*]

Brant. Quick—While there is still time. I will hide here. [*He crawls toward underbrush. It is evident he has a shattered kneepan. The wife takes the children and flees.*]

Brant. If someone could but take the news to Albany! [With evident effort he drags himself to the shelter of some bushes. An Indian appears. Brant lies still. Indian disappears. Brant painfully crawls to the shelter of some trees and then lies still again. A settler pursued by an Indian darts out of woods. The settler grapples with the Indian and struggling, they disappear into the woods again. Three women run from background and reaching the Pageant Field flee along by the wood at right, stooping and crouching as they go. Two other women under guidance of three settlers are seen to run from right and make towards left in background. Indians follow and shoot them at edge of small ravine. A party of fugitives including Jan Van Epps, John Wemp and Van Ditmars, as they flee towards right, are seized by a crowd of Indians.]

An Indian. Hei! Money for prisoners.

[The settlers are wheeled about and disappear into the woods strongly guarded. A sudden horde of Indians sweep onto the stage and then off again. A few return here and there, appearing between the trees. All through this time the sound of the war-drum continues, and the smoke of the burning stockade comes up from the trees. A man trying to escape staggers to center, a ghastly wound across his throat. He appears but an instant then staggers and falls. Two Indians appear out of the woods, rifle his pockets; then toss his body into the underbrush. Simon Schermerhorn enters on horse-back. As he rides an Indian appears from the bushes, shoots him. Schermerhorn clasps his hands to his breast. He sways in his saddle but rides on. As he comes almost abreast of Dirk Brant another Indian appears. Brant rises with a terrible effort and shoots the Indian. The Indian falls. Schermerhorn rides on at full gallop, and is finally lost to view.]

[A final rush of the Indians on the scene. They are waving scalps, and beating drums. For a moment they form a mass in foreground then disappear into background, the din of their departure growing fainter and fainter as they are lost to view.]

EPISODE 3.—Market Day in Old Schonachtendel.

The people begin to assemble in groups of twos and threes on the Pageant Field. Two carpenters enter carrying stocks which they set up in background. At the same time, the women with the assistance of some small boys set up their market stands and deposit by them their market baskets.

First Carpenter. Hey, neighbor! This is a fine market day.

A Marketwoman. It is, surely.

Second Carpenter. The old stocks are so worn with wind and weather that we've been mending them up a bit.

Marketwoman. And who is to sit in them this time?

First Carpenter. Nick Maartens.

Marketwoman. And for what?

Second Carpenter. For being intoxicated on the Sabbath.

Another Marketwoman. Well, Lisbeth, a fine morning! Did you have good luck with your cheese?

Lisbeth. I did indeed.

[Other stalls are brought in and set up; children run to and fro playing games.]

Marketwoman. *[To a young matron.]* Be not so flighty Neltje. Your cap blows off with every puff of wind and no married woman should be seen in Schenectady without a cap. There is a rule against it.

[A group of Dutch maidens enter and go from stall to stall. Brisk barter. A few Indians enter with furs to trade.]



Scene in Early Schenectady

Photo by White

Lisbeth. Here come some of our townsmen to put Nick Maartens in the stocks.

Second Marketwoman. Aye, and the constable is with him.

[*Nick Maartens is brought in by two young Dutchmen who place him in stocks.*]

Constable. Nick Maartens, I place you here as an example to sober men. [*Turning toward audience.*] Take warning townsfolk of Schenectady. Let not your thirst be greater than your discretion.

A Townsman. Ah! Nick, Nick! How great is your fall. If you were like me now—I never touch a drop of anything.

Constable. Then why do you go with a bottle in your pocket? [*Pulls a bottle from the townsman's pocket.*]

Crowd. [*With laughter.*] Ah! Ah! None can get ahead of our Constable.

Second Marketwoman. Ssh! The Justice of the Peace is coming.

The Justice. Nick Maartens, I fear you are a sorry rogue.

Nick Maartens. I am indeed, and I grow sorrier every moment.

Neltje. Look! Look! Here is the fiddler. He'll play for us and we'll all sing.

Several Maidens. Play for us, Wilhelm Groot. [*They sing a song of Holland.*]

Neltje. [*To the fiddler as songs end.*] And now, a dance!

[*The Dutch maidens gather in center of the stage and there ensues a Dutch dance, the "Dance of the Wooden Shoes."*]

Neltje. [*As the dance ends.*] And now—Home—Market day is over! But still play, Wilhelm Groot, like the Pied Piper of old and we will follow!

Exit. [*Wilhelm Groot playing. The Dutch folk follow, taking their stalls, their merchandise and other purchases with them. Last of all Nick Maartens is released from the stocks, and the carpenters carrying the stocks form the end of the retreating procession.*]



PART III.—PATRIOT SCHENECTADY.

EPISODE 1.—The Days of '76.

Enter upon the Pageant Ground, Hugh Mitchell and Harmanus Wendell. A moment later James Wilson joins them.

Wilson. Good morning, neighbors. What have we here?

Mitchell. An informal meeting of some of the members of the Committee of Safety. In troublous times such as these, we can not take too many precautions.

Wendell. We are suspicious that news may be carried to Johnstown of what is now going on here, and we are about to place guards both sides of the river to prevent any persons from passing who are not known to be friends of the American cause.

[James Ellice, with a traveller's pack on his back, comes upon the Pageant Field. Wilson intercepts him.]

Wilson. Who comes there?

Ellice. James Ellice.

Wilson. Your passport. *[Ellice gives Wilson letter.]*

Wilson. *[Reads.]* This is to certify that the bearer Mr. James Ellice hath signed the General Association and hath not to our knowledge, done anything against the American cause of Liberty. Given under my hand.

DIRK VAN INGEN,
Chairman.*

*An actual passport.

Wilson. Pass, James Ellice. [*Ellice goes off stage. Two other men also garbed as travellers appear. They are Robert Ellice and George Forsith.*]

Wilson. Who goes there?

Ellice. Robert Ellice and George Forsith.

Wilson. Let me see your passports.

[*The men give up their passports to Wilson.*]

Rinier Mynderse. [*Joining the group.*] Wait, James Wilson! [*Reads.*]

"In Committee Chamber, at Schenectady,
August 13, 1776.

*"Honored Sir:—James Ellice, who was just now with this board and obtained a certificate that he hath signed the General Association, informed us that his brother, Robert Ellice, intends going up the country to settle his business there, and that James Ellice intends to send his clerk, George Forsith, up the country. We beg leave to acquaint you that neither of the above-named persons hath ever signed the General Association, and we look on them to be enemies to the American cause of Liberty.

"We are, etc.

"To the Hon. Philip Schuyler, Major-General."

[*General hubbub. Cries of "Rebels! Spies! Seize them! Off to jail with them! Search them further!"*] [*The men are hustled off the scene. John Walton and Nicholas Swart come out of woods, background.*]

John Walton. "...The whole country must be animated by one great soul, and all Americans must resolve to stand by one another even unto death...." Great words, neighbor, with a sound of steel!

•An actual letter.

Nicholas Swart. I wish there were news from the front. For three days there has not been a word to tell us how things are going. The American troops seem a mere handful beside the British. Gage has 32,000 men, Washington has only 18,000. We're a mere handful, I tell you.

John Walton. There were only a handful of Americans at Lexington. You know what happened there. It's only a little over a year ago that Gage sent forth his proclamation—the proclamation wherein he threatened to hang all traitors and rebels who continued to resist his Majesty's government. Well—we're still unhung; and the Declaration of Independence has been signed! And we got the greatest man to lead us that ever stood in a general's boots!

[*Enter a man with a plow-horse accompanied by a boy carrying a hoe.*]

Nicholas Swart. That's true. Well, neighbor, I'll be bidding you good day.

A Messenger. Where is John Walton?

Nicholas Swart. There.

Messenger. I come with news from the front. More Minute Men are needed.

John Walton. [*To Boy.*] Run! News from the front. Call the people together. Ring the Church bell!

The Boy. But——

John Walton. Ring it I say. In times like these they will all know what it means. Ring! Ring! [*Boy runs off.*] Your news?

Messenger. Washington is determined to hold New York. Green and Putman will be with him. There is an urgent call for more troops. If they start at once the men from Schenectady can meet the relay marching from Oriskany. They can proceed by forced marches to New York.

[The Church bell begins to ring wildly, peal upon peal. People hurry in and surround the Messenger.]

Mrs. Walton. What is it? What has happened?

John Walton. It's the call to arms.

The Messenger. Howe plans to get possession of the Hudson. This will give the British control of the water-way to Canada. It will cut off New England from the Middle and Southern States. Schenectady has already given nobly; but this is a time when every man is needed.

John Walton. And every man will respond!

[Messenger gallops off.]

Mrs. Walton. *[Who has run home, and then returned.]* Here's your musket, John. Take it, and God bless you.

A Girl. *[To her sweetheart.]* My heart will march with you every step of the way.

A Young Man. *[To his mother, who is wiping her eyes.]* But mother—You would not have me stay.

The Mother. No, I'd have you go! There are none too old to fight for our country, and none too young. She needs you all, every man of you. I only wish I were a man myself!

An Onlooker. There's spirit for you!

A Matron. [To one of the Minute Men, as she watches a very small Drummer Boy.] Look out for him—he's only a boy—He's my youngest. Oh, see that he comes to no harm.—See that——

The Minute Man. I promise I will look out for him.

The Captain. Ready all.

[They line up. Middle-age men. Old men. Mere boys. Their faces alight with patriotic fervor.]

The Captain. Forward, march.

[With fife and drum playing Yankee Doodle the men march from the scene. The women and the few remaining men watch them for a moment. Then one woman picks up the hoe; another takes the plow-horse by the bridle; and all leave in the direction of their homes.]

EPISODE 2.—The Welcome to General Washington.

Enter from background upon the Pageant Field Mrs. Duane and Mrs. Livingston, followed a moment or two later by other ladies who are also to assist in receiving General Washington.

Mrs. Livingston. Can you see General Washington, Mrs. Duane?

Mrs. Duane. Not yet. Mrs. Livingston! When he does come General Schuyler and John Glenn will be with him.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Captain Peter Truax and Abraham Clinch are to be here also. I hear that Colonel Bishop has been sent for.

Mrs. Clement. Oh, they'll come! Not that they are slow, 'tis that we are impatient. I trust that General Washington will enjoy the fete we have prepared in his honor. The more stressful the times the more we have need of mirth to keep up our spirits.

Mrs. Duane. The town's folk are gathering. Those who are to take part in the Minuet, and those who will dance in the Pavane.

Mrs. Livingston. Pavane?

Mrs. Duane. 'Tis an old French dance we have revived for the occasion. Indeed Schenectady can make a great show of grace and deportment when it has a mind.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Hark! There's the music! Washington is coming!

[By this time the Pageant Field is filled with those who are to welcome Washington. The music strikes up "Hail Columbia!" The crowd parts right and left, leaving a broad way in center, and George Washington is seen approaching. He walks alone. Just behind him walk General Schuyler and John Glenn. General cheering as Washington appears. He comes forward.]

Mr. Glenn. Ladies and Gentlemen, you know with whose name our country is ringing. We are thrice happy to have with us to-day General George Washington. [*Cheers.*] On behalf of the citizens of Schenectady, let me assure General Washington that of all people in the world he is the one most welcome, and that we hold him first not only on the field of battle, but in every patriot heart. We hail him as the savior of our country and the leader of our cause.

George Washington. I request you to accept my warmest thanks for your affectionate address. In a cause so just and

righteous as ours we have every reason to hope that Divine Providence will continue to crown our arms with success, and compel our enemies to grant us that peace upon equitable terms, which we so ardently desire. May you and the good people of this town, in the meantime be protected from every insidious and open foe; and may the complete blessing of peace soon reward your arduous struggle for the establishment of the Freedom and Independence of our common country.*

[Cheers from those present.]

General Schuyler. General Washington—Mrs. Duane.
[Bows. Courtesies.]

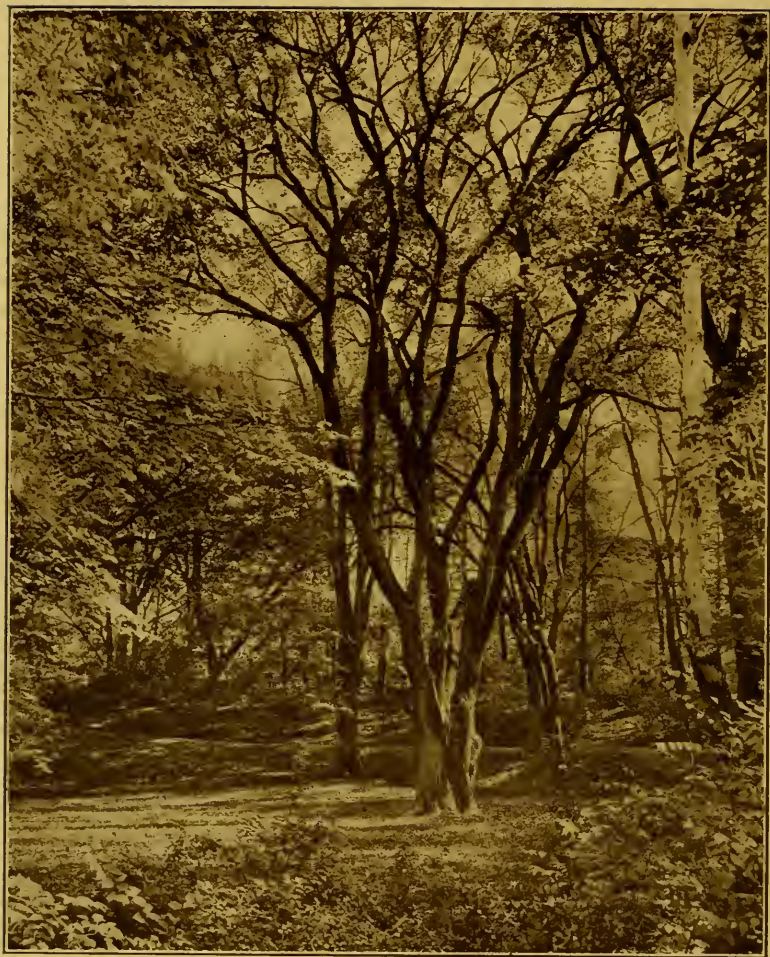
Mrs. Duane. Sir, the towns-folk have prepared a fete in your honor.

George Washington. Madam, although by present necessity I am now a man of war, I love and prize the arts of peace.† It will give me great pleasure to witness the more festive spirit of the people of Schenectady.

[Chairs have been brought to background, and there Washington and some of the notables of the day gather while on the Pageant Field a Minuet is danced. Following the Minuet comes the Pavane. With music playing, and a general air of gayety and lightened spirits, the people of Schenectady with George Washington exeunt slowly from the Pageant Field.]

* His actual words.

† From Washington's letter.



Nott Elm, Jackson's Garden, Union College Grounds

Photo by White

PART IV.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE TOWN.

EPISODE 1.—The Founding of Union College.

Boys bring in tables and chairs for the expected company. Dominie Romeyn enters the Pageant Field, in time to greet Mr. James Clark who is entering also.

Romeyn. A splendid afternoon for our conference, Mr. Clark.

Mr. Clark. It is indeed, Dominie.

Romeyn. Our Citizens are already arriving. John Cuyler, I give you greeting. [*John Cuyler enters.*] And here are our good friends, Dirk Van Ingen and Abraham Oothout. [*Dirk Van Ingen and Abraham Oothout enter.*] Sirs, I am glad to see you. [*John Sanders and Peter Vrooman enter. The men gather about the table.*]

Romeyn. I need hardly go into the reasons for our gathering here today, the interest which binds us in a common cause. But it would seem that sometimes great causes move slowly. It was in February, 1785 that the Schenectady Academy was founded by mutual agreement of our leading citizens. It was, and is, the child of the Dutch Reformed Church; but now it is our wish to make over the Academy to a College, that shall have Religious freedom, and which, for that reason, shall be named Union College. For this we have all worked, and though many obstacles have stood in our way we feel we are drawing nearer the goal. Four years ago the Managers of the Academy memorialized the Legislature for a grant of land in Oneida Reservation.

Van Ingen. Sir, as a trustee of the Academy, I am here to tell you that the Citizens of Schenectady are weary of waiting

for the Legislature. The town will give a tract of 5,000 acres. And the Citizens will give seventy acres more. [*Puts paper on the table. Murmurs of gratification from those present.*]

Oothout. And I am here to say that certain other citizens will subscribe 1000 pounds. Here is the signed paper. [*Puts it on table.*]

Romeyn. And we all know that the Consistory of the Dutch Church offers to give an Academy. Gentlemen, it seems as if all things were working together for our good. The Citizens of Schenectady have proved their loyalty to the cause of education.

Boy. Dominie, a Mr. Prichard and a Mr. Escomb would like to see you, Sir.

Romeyn. Prichard—Escomb—I don't know the names. However [*to men*] with your permission—! Tell Mr. Prichard and Mr. Escomb I await their coming.

Prichard. [*A Frontiersman.*] I want to speak to Dominie Romeyn.

Romeyn. I am he. Will you not be seated?

Prichard. [*A bit awkwardly.*] Thank ye, no. I reckon what I got to say can be said standing. I've heard you're thinking of founding a College.

Romeyn. Yes.

Prichard. My name is Prichard, Dominie. I live in Cherry Valley. In my youth I never had much chance for book learning. I'd like my boy to have what I missed. My wife and I, we've saved \$50.00. I'd like to give that toward the founding of a College. I wish it was more ——— I ——— [*Pauses, confused.*]

Romeyn. My dear sir, there are, some things that transcend money, and with corner stones of sacrifices and idealism. Union College may be glad and proud. [*Smiling.*] We'll do our best by your boy when he comes. *As Prichard goes, Escomb comes forward. He is a sturdy type of the farmer of those days.*]

Escomb. My name is Escomb. I'm representing some settlers and farmers from the North. They want me to say that they'll give all they can. Maybe it will only be a few dollars or so. Maybe more. Any how, they want to give it. They think a College is worth working for. It does a man good as he hoes his crops, or a woman when she helps with the harvest, to know that part of their labor is for a cause.

Romeyn. [*Heartily.*] You're right, sir.

Escomb. [*Earnestly.*] We don't count anything too hard to do for that, and even if there are miles of river and forest between us and Union College, we're—we're—all kind of knit together by the thing we're working for.

Romeyn. Sir, that's the spirit that build not only colleges, but nations. Pray convey our thinks to your neighbors in the North.

Prichard. I will, sir. [*Exit Prichard.*]

Romeyn. Well sir, it is beginning to be more than ever plain to us that it is not Schenectady alone that holds to this idea of a College. The frontier farm and the spirit of the pioneer camp are with us also.

Boy. A message from General Philip Schuyler.

Romeyn. REVEREND AND DEAR SIR*: On Wednesday last the engrossed charter was submitted to the Regents and ap-

* An actual letter.



Lilac Walk, Jackson's Garden, Union College

Photo by Fulton Studio

proved of, and on Friday the seal of the University was affixed thereto, with the Chancellor's signature,—an event the more satisfactory to me as I have long since wished to see the vicinity of my native place honored with such an institution, and I sincerely congratulate my fellow-citizens of Schenectady in particular, and the whole of the northern and western parts of the State in general, on the facility with which they will be able to obtain a collegiate education for their children. May indulgent Heaven protect and cherish an institution calculated to promote virtue and the weal of the people. Please to request the gentleman to whom has been confided the subscription paper of the funds of the college to add my name to the list for one hundred pounds. I shall strive to procure a donation on the part of this State, and as I have already conversed with some leading members on the subject, I trust my efforts will be successful. The charter, with all the evidences of the funds, are, by order of the Regents, to be delivered to one of the trustees of the college. If Chief Justice Yates does not come down, they will be delivered to one of the gentlemen here, to be delivered to him as the first trustee named in the act of incorporation. I am with great regard, Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

PH. SCHUYLER.

The Rev. Dr. Romeyn.

Van Ingen. Ah, then we may indeed say that the welfare of Union College is assured, Romeyn. "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." Let us tell our town-folk of the good news that has reached us.

EPISODE 2.—The Welcome to Lafayette.

Enter Mrs. Van Epps, Elsbett Van Epps, Barent Sanders and groups of children dressed in the quaint fashion of the day, some carrying flowers and others hoops of roses.

Barent Sanders. Madam, you look like Flora surrounded by the flowers of spring.

Mrs. Van Epps. As you well know, this is the day that the Marquis de Lafayette is coming, and the children are to give to give him a special welcome.

Barent Sanders. So I understand. And after this reception there is to be a banquet. Schenectady is becoming quite accustomed to the entertaining of heroes.

Mrs. Van Epps. And such a hero! To think of him is to remember the cause of American liberty.

[Ladies and gentlemen enter. With the first strains of the Marseillaise, Lafayette appears, accompanied by a number of the leading citizens. The little girl with the frilled bouquet presents the bouquet to Lafayette and drops him a timid courtesy.]

Lafayette. I thank you, Mademoiselle.

Henry Yates. Marquis, we bid you welcome to Schenectady, and see in you a friend of justice and a defender of the oppressed. To hear your name is to remember Liberty. Our City is honored by your presence.

Lafayette. Mr. Yates, I thank both you and your townsfolk. I am most happy to be with you. The more I travel through this great country, the more towns and cities I see, the greater is my realization of what the War of the Rebellion brought. As to that war, it is I that stand debtor to America.

What I learned under General Washington, I am not likely to forget. To have served under him was a privilege, an honor. My interests in Schenectady is deepened by the knowledge that Washington has been here, and because I know that he held your citizens in high esteem. Many of them were his personal friends,—Duane, Livingston, Schuyler,—at these names what splendid memories come thronging. I thank you for the greeting you have given me today, and I can truly say that I am proud to be welcomed by a city that has welcomed Washington. [*Cheers from those present.*]

Henry Yates. With your permission, sir, we will now proceed to the banquet.

[*With Lafayette, and the town notables walking first, the children with their garlands next, and after these the ladies and gentlemen who have appeared upon the scene, the procession passes from the Pageant Field and disappears from view.*]

EPISODE 3.—Dr. Nott and Early Student Days.

A middle-aged man enters the Pageant Field from right looking about him as he comes. He meets a student coming from left.

Duncan Stewart. Were you looking for some one, sir?

Alumnus. No, I was looking at the College grounds. I was a student at Union thirty years ago, and since then I have been out on the frontier. It is difficult getting letters out there. I have not kept up with the College as I should.

Duncan Stewart. You'll find great changes, sir.

Alumnus. I have seen some beautiful buildings, the South Colonnade and the North Colonnade.

Duncan Stewart. We are very proud of those. They were planned by Jacques Ramee, the famous landscape architect, who developed the city of Washington.

Alumnus. So I hear.

Duncan Stewart. And the grounds—the great elm where we hold our class day—Union is very proud of that, too.

Alumnus. Jonathan Edwards was President when I was here in 1801.

Duncan Stewart. Ah, those were the days when they had no college fraternities.

Alumnus. No what?

Duncan Stewart. No Greek letter societies. You know in the college world Union is called the mother of the Greek letter societies.

Alumnus. What are these societies for?

Duncan Stewart. "They are for the encouraging of friendship, morality and literature;" for creating a bond which shall last through a man's whole life, and not just through the college years. It means that wherever a man may be, whether he's up the ladder, or whether he's down, his fraternity brothers will stand by him. It means the perpetuating of all that is best in college life.

Alumnus. I see, I see.

Duncan Stewart. Wait a moment. We are going to make this one of the most festive afternoons of Commencement Week. Stay and see it! Mr. Brown of the Class of 1801, let me present some of the Seniors of the class of 1830. [*Seniors bow politely.*]



Prof. John I. Bennett as Doctor Nott

Photo by White

Alumnus. Mr. Stewart has been telling me about the Greek letter societies, and the new buildings. I find myself quite an old mummy and behind the times.

Francis Hamilton. You musn't say that, sir. Union doesn't graduate mummies. Far from it! Have you met Dr. Nott?

Alumnus. No, but my young friend has just been telling me of him. I should like to hear more. He's very progressive I understand.

Francis Hamilton. He is, indeed, sir. Like Benjamin Franklin he is very sagacious; believes in a democratic spirit, and has invented a stove.

Duncan Stewart. [*Smothering a laugh.*] Also a coach.

Alumnus. [*Looking from one to another of the group of students.*] Is there something humorous in the word *coach*?

Francis Hamilton. Sometimes, sir.

Alumnus. Do you mean——

Francis Hamilton. The joke is this, sir. For state occasions the coach has a great cover, and one day the students thought it would be rare sport to drag the coach four miles from the town and leave it there. They knew Dr. Nott was very proud of the coach, and would miss it sorely. But when they reached the end of the four miles who should step out of the coach but Dr. Nott himself. "Since you have dragged the coach so far," says he, "you may now drag it back. I have greatly enjoyed my ride." You can see the coach, *without* the cover, approaching now, sir, and Dr. Nott is in it. [*Ladies and gentlemen who have been arriving on the scene look with interest at Dr. Nott, who arrives in his three-wheeled coach.*]

Duncan Stewart. Mr. Brown, sir, of the Class of 1801.

Dr. Nott. I am delighted to meet you, sir.

Alumnus. I am already acquainted with you, sir, through the praise that goes out beyond these borders.

Dr. Nott. I thank you, sir.

Alumnus. And there is no surer proof of what you are accomplishing here at Union College than the men the College is graduating.

Dr. Nott. Sir, that touches me closely; for it has been my endeavor since I have had the care of youth to make men rather than great scholars*.

Alumnus. You mean that life learning is better than book learning?

Dr. Nott. I do, sir. I am always saying to the students: "Don't think too much of the slate and pencil; think of the sum you are going to work out." Ah, Mr. Stewart, how goes your work?

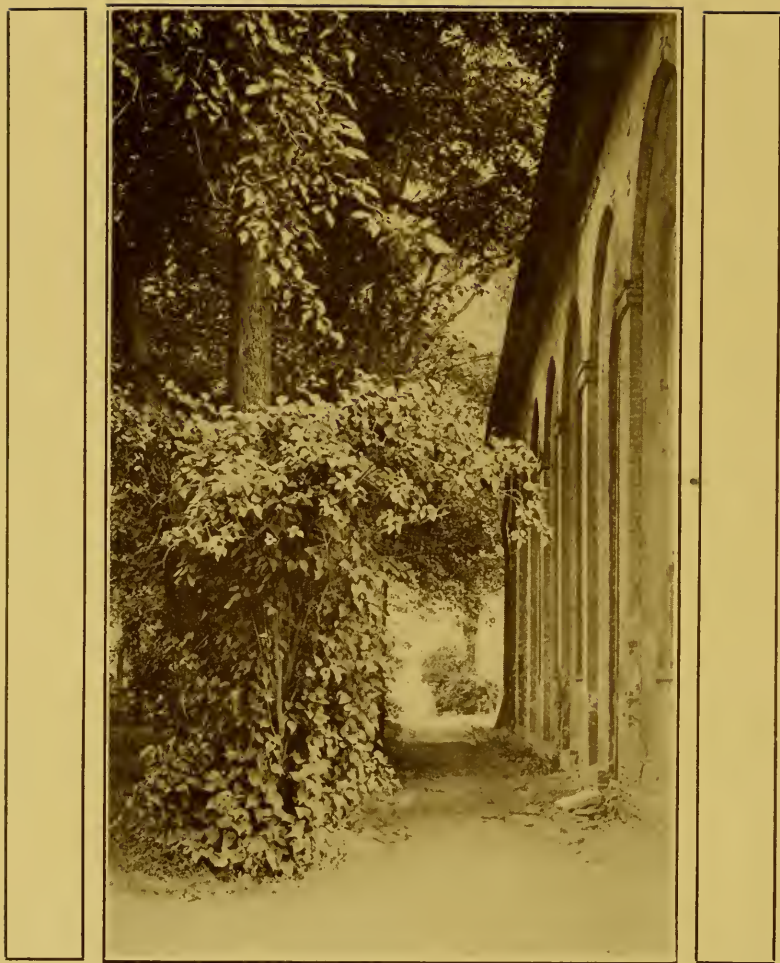
Duncan Stewart. Fairly, sir.

Dr. Nott. I always think that in many ways the Senior year is the most important year. I sometimes say to my students, "as you pass this year so will you probably pass your lives."

Duncan Stewart. I hate to think of all this being over.

Alumnus. Ah, there is always the pang of parting! Years hence—as far forward, say, as 1912, I suppose men will still feel the same about leaving Alma Mater.

* His own words.



Corner of Old Gymnasium, Union College

Photo by Fulton Studio

Dr. Nott. Will you not stay and hear some of the songs under the trees? This is to be a festive afternoon. You may have heard, sir, that I delight in such occasions. There is too little mirth in life. I have always held that laughter is the final cause of health*.

[The people form picturesque groups under the trees. Groups of fraternity men with their banners sing fraternity songs. With the final group still singing the people of the Episode pass in the background. Dr. Nott drives away in the chariot and the Episode ends.]

EPISODE 4.—The Coming of the Railroad.

People begin to gather from the background, and to look with interest toward right. Several ladies come down center to foreground of Pageant Field.

Mrs. Brown. Good morning, neighbor, are you coming to see the train?

Mrs. Scott. Do you think it will really run, Mrs. Brown? It does not seem possible! A few years ago, the Clermont, our first Hudson River Steam Boat was a wonder of wonders, and now—this!

Mrs. Smith. It has been reported that Chancellor Livingston says that riding on a train is very dangerous.

A Citizen. I understand that Mr. Featherstonhaugh and our patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, are deeply interested in this venture.

Mrs. Smith. It is reported that Chancellor Livingston says that it would be impossible to build rails that could carry a train making such speed as four miles an hour.

* His own words.

A Citizen. I understand that Peter Fleming is the constructing Engineer, and let this train be called the DeWitt Clinton.

Mrs. Smith. It is reported that Chancellor Livingston says ———

[Her voice is drowned by the talk of new arrivals.]

Mrs. DeGraff. My husband is on the train. I feel quite nervous about him. He *would* go.

Mrs. Smith. Well, all I can say is they are brave and intrepid souls who dared to ride from Albany to Schenectady behind an engine. Brave and intrepid souls.

[The whistle of the train is heard, a bell begins to ring, general commotion. People throng towards right.]

Mrs. Scott. There is the bell of the train, I do believe! Oh, let us hurry!

Mrs. Smith. But do not go too near!

[The band begins to play a medley of patriotic airs. The DeWitt Clinton appears. The passengers alight from the small passenger coach. John Hempson, the fireman, leans from the window of the engine cab, mopping his brow. Amongst those descending from the passenger coach are Governor Enos Throop, John T. Clark the conductor, and John DeGraff and John Matthias of Schenectady.]

Mrs. DeGraff. Oh, John, thank Heaven you are safe.

A Citizen. Three cheers for the Mohawk and Hudson! Three cheers for the DeWitt Clinton. *[The cheers are rousingly given.]*

A Citizen. Well, John Matthias, how did it feel?

Mrs. Scott. Weren't frightened?

John Matthias. Well, it was a great experience! It pays to risk one's life to have a great experience. I shall always remember that I rode on that first train!

Mrs. Smith. [*As keen for it now as she was afraid of it.*] Well, now that the men have tried it, and we see that they haven't been blown up it proves that railroad travel is safer than I thought. I shan't be afraid to ride in a train myself. I believe I will go over to Albany in it, and buy me a calash.

[*The people move away in the direction of their homes.*]

EPISODE 5. - The Civil War.

The people come from left and background upon the Pageant Field. It is a subdued and pale-faced crowd of men and women who gather there.

Mr. Adams. [*As he and Doctor Nott come down the center of the Pageant Field.*] These are heavy days, Dr. Nott.

Dr. Nott. You may well say so. You know how many Southern students Union College has, and you also know how passionately our Northern students adhere to the Federal cause. The College, like the Nation, is rent in twain. What is happening here is happening all over this broad land. It tears the heart to think of it.

Mrs. Young. You are coming to see the troops muster?

Mrs. Jackson. Yes. I am Mrs. Allen Jackson. Companies A, and B, are mustering this morning. They are to join the 134th Regiment.

Mr. Hendrick. Half the College boys are off for the South. They nailed a Southern flag to the College flagpole and greased the pole, and dared the Northern boys to haul it down.

Mrs. Garling. [*As "Dixie" is faintly heard, being played off the scene.*] Hark, that must be some of the Southerners leaving now. Oh, to think that those boys who were in the same class at College may be fighting each other—killing each other—! War is terrible!

Mrs. Brotherton. Terrible for the men; and equally hard for the women. The men have action and battles to face, while all we can do is to wait, and wait, and wait—.

Mrs. Ahrets. Whenever I pick up a paper, I am afraid to look at the names of the killed and wounded. Whenever I see a boy running with dispatches my heart seems to stop beating.

Mrs. Bakeman. [*Brokenly.*] My boy leaves Union College to fight for the Union. It nearly kills me to part with him; yet I know it is right for him to go.

Mr. Abiel. We must face things courageously. If the boys see you crying, it will make it harder for them. Courage! Courage! Schenectady will play her part in this war as she played it in the Revolution.

A Young Girl. [*To her mother.*] Don't cry mother. You must wave and smile to Harry when he passes.

Mrs. Jennings. They are coming! I can hear the drums.

[*Word sweeps along the line "They are coming."*]

Mrs. Young. I can hardly see them. Everythings blurs in a mist.

[The band plays the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and the soldiers march past.]

The Young Girl. Harry! Harry! *[Waves her handkerchief frantically as her brother passes.]*

Mrs. Bakeman. *[Crying out as her son marches past.]* Good bye, and Heaven bless you!

[The soldiers march away, the sound of the music growing fainter. The group that came to bid them good bye watches them and then turns slowly to background, neighbor comforting neighbor.]

Dr. Nott. *[Following slowly, as the people leave for their homes.]* And this is the price of war!



PART V. MODERN SCHENECTADY.

EPISODE 1.

Van Curler enters from background with the air of a Rip Van Winkle. He looks about him dazedly, rubs his eyes, and spies a modern Schenectadian approaching.

Van Curler. Friend, what is the name of this place?

Mr. Modern. This is Schenectady.

Van Curler. Yet it cannot be the same—Where is the stockade? Where is the place where we used to have our farms? [*Rubs arm across his eye.*] I have been at rest so long, and then came all this stir,—I heard the word Pageantry, and then my own name called—Arent Van Curler.

Mr. Modern. Arent Van Curler! Why, man, you are dreaming!

Van Curler. Arent Van Curler, am I, and I heard them call me. And other names I used to know—Jan Veeder and Van Valsen,—I heard the tread of feet—Oh, No! It cannot be the place I purchased with those kegs of gunpowder. Where are the Indians?

Mr. Modern. Gone.

Van Curler. And the Indian trail?

Mr. Modern. Oh, that's still there; it is part of the College grounds.

Van Curler. College grounds! [*Eagerly.*] And the Patroon, and the East Indian Company?

Mr. Modern. Oh, you're thinking of Holland in the old days; this is America—a free and independent nation.

Van Curler. It is so strange; I left a wilderness and I find a city—carriages that run without horses, boats that steam on the river.

Mr. Modern. And ships that float in the air.

Van Curler. How can that be?

Mr. Modern. You had only wooden houses, we have houses of brick and stone.

Van Curler. Ah! But the spirit that built those houses; can you match that today? No, no, the past was the best.

Mr. Modern. I tell you, Arent Van Curler, whatever was living in the past is living now in the present if people have eyes to see. I'll summon modern Schenectady by the College wireless and let you judge for yourself. Then you'll understand how the past lives in a new sense.

Van Curler. I cannot believe it. It cannot be. The past was best. [*Mr. Modern reënters.*] Think of the wars we had on the frontier, and how our men faced death times without number. The soldier spirit of the past. Where can you equal that?

Mr. Modern. In the soldier spirit of the present. We've played at war in our Pageant. Now you will see the *Real veterans* of a *real war*. Post Horsfall of the Grand Army of the Republic, the men who fought to keep the Union whole. For them we play this episode in tribute. Let them preside over our scene of modern Schenectady. [*As the G. A. R. file in and seat themselves at left.*] Do you still think the past holds all?

Van Curler. [Not to be so easily won.] Where is the pioneer spirit?

Mr. Modern. We will show you that in our Boy Scouts. They know the lore of the woods as the pioneers used to know it. They have taken the great outdoors for their kingdom.

[*Boy Scouts march and go through their drill and return to left of field.*]

Mr. Modern. A moment ago you asked where the Indians were. Well, our Camp-fire Girls are keeping alive those traditions. They can build a camp-fire, and a shelter of boughs; or can tell you about the rivers and forests; and their code also requires a knowledge of simple cooking and nursing. They are the Indian maidens—*plus!* [*The Camp-fire Girls enter and go through their ceremonial. Then they retire to left background.*]

Mr. Modern. Are you satisfied?

Van Curler. Ah, those are your younger folk who are already here. In our day we had the emigrant spirit. We crossed the seas to a new land bringing thrift and enterprise with us.

Mr. Modern. Wait until you have seen our emigrants of today. For them we are still a new country; the land of promise. They bring us the same thrift and enterprise that the Dutch settlers brought, and the arts of their countries as well. When you have seen their folk dances. [*Folk dances.*]

Van Curler. It is wonderful. There was nothing to equal it in my time; but beside our emigrant spirit we had a spirit of learning. Who are these?

Mr. Modern. Some Seniors from Union College. They have been singing "Old Union" on the terrace and will repeat



Payne Memorial Gate, Union College

Photo by White

it for you. [*Song, "Old Union."*] In your day the universities were a thing apart; in our day they are related to the actual work of the world. Here the College and the Great Electrical Works coöperate.

Van Curler. [*Vaguely.*] The Great Electrical Works. . . . In our day we had trading and commerce.

Mr. Modern. And in ours. Why, man, the Works of Schenectady are famous. We have the largest locomotive works and the greatest electrical plant in the world.

Van Curler. Who are these? [*The Spirits of Light, radiant, mystical figures appear.*]

Mr. Modern. The Spirits of Light. The heralds of a power that has put a chain about the globe—a power that runs our motors and illumines our houses; and sends our messages across a thousand miles of space. The power that makes it possible for one ship to signal another ship across the blackness of the sea at midnight. [*The Spirits of Light weave a dance suggestive of power and brightness.*]

Mr. Modern. Well, Arent Van Curler, you have seen the citizens of Schenectady—the city's most valuable asset. In all the forces that are gathered here today lies the hope of the City of Tomorrow; do you not feel a thrill at its splendid signs of promise; or do you still cling to the past?

Van Curler. [*Now thoroughly convinced.*] No, no, I see the past held nothing greater than the present. With new eyes I behold the city that I purchased. I am content with modern Schenectady.

[*While Van Curler has been speaking there appears on horseback in the center of the Pageant Field the symbolic figure of Schenectady mounted on a charger. She is young and strong*



Miss Elsa Case as "The Spirit of Schenectady"

Photo by White

and beautiful. She wears a white robe and over this a robe in the city colors (purple lined with orange.) In her right hand she carries a golden staff from which floats the Stars and Stripes. From the right comes the symbolic figure of learning also mounted on horseback. She wears a white robe and an over-robe of the College colors (garnet.) Strapped to her right arm is a shield bearing the College seal. From the left at the same time comes Labor also white clad and mounted on a horse, a green robe floating over her white robe. On her right arm she carries a shield in semblance like an engine wheel and in her right hand a staff starred with electric lights. Before these three symbolic figures the Pageant players pass in review according to their Episodes beginning with the Indians and ending with the more modern. They form a great tableau in the center of the Pageant Field singing "America." [When this is over, still singing, they march from the Pageant Field at left and disappear from view.]



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